The Tragedy of Othello *the Moore of* Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Roderigo.

TVsh, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you *Iago*, who has had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of thi
Iag. S'blood, but you will not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou did'st hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Despise me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In personall suite to make me his Leiutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,
Euades them, with a bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stuft with Epithites of warre:
And in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators: for certes, sayes he,
I haue already chosen my officer, and what was he?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetition,
One *Michael Cassio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,
That neuer set a squadron in the field,
Nor the deuision of a Battell knowes,